MARCH, 1922

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THE ACROPOLIS

A Paper by the Students of Barringer High School
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

March, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two

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In Memoriam

SEYMOUR BUECHLER
JEAN FORCE HAYES

Seymour Buechler, a member of the senior class, died February the eighteenth, after an illness of three days. He would have graduated in June, and was preparing to enter college in September. Last September he entered Barringer from a military school in New York State, where he had been preparing to enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His plans were changed, however, as his parents wished him to secure a high school diploma before going to college. As a student he excelled in Mathematics and Science, and though only sixteen years of age, seemed destined for great usefulness in one of these fields.

He was a thoroughly normal boy, full of life and fun, always ready to take part in a game of any kind. He played on the football team last fall with considerable success.

Seymour will not be with us again; we shall miss his cheerful face and buoyant spirit; he has joined that ever-increasing number of Barringer students who have graduated from this life to enter the life eternal.

In the death of Jean Force Hayes, on Saturday, March 4, not only the Senior Class but the entire school has sustained a real loss. She was the type of girl that Barringer is proud to claim—an honor student in her classes, a courteous lady in all social relations, and withal a happy girl among her mates. We shall miss her, but not forget her. The Acropolis extends to her family the heartfelt sympathy of the faculty and the entire student-body.

THE ACROPOLIS

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Contributions are solicited from the students and graduates of this school. All matter intended for publication must be submitted to the editor before the first of the month in which it is to appear. The Acropolis Box will be found in the office and is for the reception of notes and personals.

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NEWARK, N. J., MARCH, 1922

MARCH

The eventful month of March is here again with its changeable weather. Everything from blizzards to balmy summery days. Perhaps a good many of those who have recently come among us, and even some of those who consider themselves upper-classmen, think of March as a month to fly a pink and yellow kite from the lot next door. While, probably, more of us consider it a month in which to erect a lightning switch if we wish to "protect our family and instruments," as the advertisements say. We must not omit the girls, who must be thinking of the beautiful pink organdie dresses they will have for the summer months. But what about school? March is the first of the "middle months" of the term—the first of the months that count more than any other. If we expect to win the race we must have a good start. February was the "get set"; March is the "gun." Let's do our best this month.

CO-OPERATION

The attitude of the school toward The Acropolis, at the present time, seems to be that The Acropolis is a pretty book made by the Board for the students to read. Did you ever stop to think that The Acropolis is **your** paper? The members of the Board cannot alone "make" a paper worthy of the name of Barringer. The school at large must co-operate with them. How many of you who read this have ever contributed a story, a personal, a graduate note, or even a drawing for publication? This is the school's paper, and the school must make it!

Think it over—then act!

SPRING FEVER

With a stretch and a yawn some classmate slouches down in his seat and seems to gaze into the far distance, or else assumes such an expression as to indicate that his mind is completely vacant.

BOUND BY SCHELLER

How often have you caught yourself doing this very thing? How many times have you seen others doing it?

At this time of year, when spring is just coming and the days are getting warm again, we all feel like neglecting our duties while we let our thoughts drift from the work at hand. Wake up and do that bit of work that is waiting; then, when that is accomplished, dream all that you care to.

The task waiting for us now is our school work. Pay attention in class. Lowell said "Attention is the stuff memory is made of." Do you home-work when it should be done.

Now is the time to study if the term's work is to be passed.

Don't flunk just because too much time was spent dozing and dreaming in the early spring!

A SPENCERIAN STANZA—SPRING

By Marie Nugent

Dear Earth, the Spring is bidding you arise,
To cast off snowy garb for that of green,
To cast off Winter's gray and gloomy skies,
To don a lovely canopy serene.
Come out, ye heralds of the year, be seen,—
Ye crocuses, gold promises of Spring,
Sweet lilacs, pale and purple, and trees e'en,
Come back to life, and make the whole earth ring
With joy; for happy birds the wakening chorus sing.

MYSTERY

By Laura Edwards

The dripping moon had risen from the lake,
And with a pathway made the water bright,
While on the shore was heard the ripples' break
In trickling music through the stilly night;
Then swiftly straight across the shimmering light
A shadow darted—'twas a long canoe,
Which flitted by like to a bird in flight.
Whom did it bear—this boat which came to view,
To vanish like a ghost from out our sight?
Only the moon and waves can answer that aright.

THE ANGELUS

By Violet M. Smith

Just as the summer sun sinks in the west,
And darkness spreads its wings o'er all the skies,
And little birds their homes do seek for rest,
And on each tiny bud a dewdrop lies;
Two heavy-laden toilers close their eyes,
While in the distance rings the Angelus bell.
At last it stops; they from their knees arise
And slowly walk back home o'er hill and dell,
Content with having done their evening duty well.

HONOR ROLL FOR FEBRUARY

P.G. Room 45. Theodore Rissel.

4A Room 25. Laurence Burgyes, Thelma Ruffkess, Alfred Schiavetti, Henry Venus.
Room 37. Eli Silberfeld, Franklin Steiger, Laura Edwards, Jean Hays.
Room 36. Frances Clark, Edgar Fischer, Evelyn Hock, Helen Mawha, Marie Nugent, Mathias Neice.

4B Room 41. Philip Freda.
Room 50. Evelyn Battin, Lida Bedell, Franklin Chattin, Sara Weckstein.

3A Room 43. Frederick Wolpert, Marie Welsh, Heldwig Hass.
Room 45. Anna McCann.
Room 82. John Single, Eleanor Wilsey.

3B Room 35. Isabel Schneider.
Room 67. Louis Hessler.

2A Room 32. Florence Carr, Warren Condit, Wheeler Coult.
Room 33. Clara Rosenstein.
Room 42. Gilda Rosamilia.
Room 63. Elizabeth Paskow, Beatrice Rosenberg, Harry Stein, Elizabeth Taylor, Walter Walsh.

2B Room 26. Charles Hart, James Single.
Room 56. Harry Doremus.
Room 83. Burtis Morningstern.

1A Room 57[1]. Ward Abbott, Charles Carpenter, Harold Dalberg.
Room 65. Leonard Tushnet.
Room 76[1]. Ursula Heinold, Mabel Mulford, Aida Rizzolo.

1A Room 81[1]. Leslie Ault, Emil Domonkos,

(Continued on page 28)

LITERATURE

SHADES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

By Percy Olton

Henry Deland had never thought of there being so many places in the old colonial house where a lurking criminal might hide. As he climbed the broad stairs in the great front hall one of the steps creaked. Maybe it was on hinges so that it would drop him into a great pit. The very thought made him hurry up the remaining steps. As he reached the top he stopped suddenly. Surely one of the eyes of that life-sized portrait of his great-grandfather had winked at him. But now it certainly seemed to be perfectly still and dull. So just to be sure he went slowly up to it and cautiously laid a finger on the eye in question. Then he laughed at himself for thinking that an eye of paint on a sheet of canvas could wink.

However, that laugh was chiefly hollow bravado, for Henry was undoubtedly in a scary frame of mind that night. In that great old colonial house he felt his smallness very acutely. "Twelve years old" sounded very formidable in daylight, but at night in the old house it was quite another thing. Beside this, he had just finished a volume of Sherlock Holmes stories. Consequently, the most innocent pill brought thoughts of deadly alkaloids to his mind, or a splinter in his hand called to mind the death-dealing blow-guns of tropical savages.

Under these influences it is no wonder that Henry's imagination was running riot on this night. When he reached his room he turned on the light and took a quick glance around. Seeing no one at first, he looked more carefully. There was the long mirror just to the left of the door. Perhaps it was the door of a secret chamber. He pushed and pulled at it and felt carefully around the frame, looking for a secret button, but without result.

He opened the door of the closet slowly, and then, as nothing happened, he peered in. No one was there. He next satisfied himself that everything on the bureau was as it should be; then examined carefully the usual hiding-place —under the bed. Finally, as an after-thought, he looked in the shadow made by his desk.

This reminded him of his father's service revolver, which was lying in the drawer of the desk. He took it out, loaded it, and laid it carefuly on the top of the desk together with a powerful flashlight. Then, assured that everything was all right, he undressed hastily.

When he was at last ready for bed he started to open the windows, but stopped short. His silhouette against the lighted window would make a fine target for any assassin outside. Acting on this thought, he turned out the light and then opened the windows. A rustling of the leaves on the ground outside made him hurry back to his bed and wriggle in quickly.

Hardly was he comfortably settled when his mother's voice came floating up the stairs: "Henry, close your door, please. It makes a draught here."

He slipped quickly from his bed and started for the gray patch that marked the door when he saw a dark form flit across the hall. It was a man's form—a burglar probably. Henry dared not call out, for then the robber would surely shoot. For a moment he was inclined

to crawl under the bed, but then he remembered the picture of his great-grandfather, a general in the Revolutionary War, and he resolved to do no cowardly act that would bring disgrace on his name.

He started to slip quietly over to the desk and the revolver, but halfway over he stopped suddenly. A board had creaked under his feet. For fully a minute he stood perfectly still with his heart pounding like a riveter's hammer. Then, convinced that he had not been heard, he continued on his way. When he reached the desk he picked up the revolver and the flashlight, taking care to make no noise. Then he stole back to where he had first seen the robber.

This time he carefully avoided the creaky board; so carefully, in fact, that he was startled when he bumped up against the bed. Quickly he looked down the hall again and there, sure enough, was that shadowy form. This time, however, it was standing still, in a position indicating intense attention. Henry was sure the burglar had heard some move of his and was waiting to make sure.

The next two minutes seemed like eternity to Henry. He dared not make a move himself and he could only wait for the next move of the thief. He feared that the robber would approach, and hoped that he would see the form turn and go back.

Finally he could wait no longer and resolved to have it over with. He slowly raised the revolver until it pointed at the dark form, but just then he noticed that the man had changed his position. Hoping the intruder would now leave, he lowered the weapon again.

After waiting what seemed like hours with no results he again raised the automatic. It took him several seconds to steady his aim, but at last he thought he had it pointed directly at the villain's head. Then he slowly raised the flashlight until it would dazzle the thief's eyes. All was now ready, but Henry waited a few seconds to see if in that last moment he would not go.

As nothing happened he screwed up all his courage and switched on the flashlight. At the same time he said in a voice he tried hard to keep steady, "Hands——" No more than the first word ever left his lips for there in the light of his flashlight was a man with his revolver pointed directly at him.

Henry was paralyzed with fear. It was only involuntarily that he tightened his grip on the revolver and fired it. At the same moment that the kick of his own shot sent him reeling against the bed he saw a spurt of flame from the robber's gun. He expected to feel the impact of the bullet in some part of his body, but, instead, from the mouth of his opponent's revolver great dark streamers shot out like the arm of an octopus. What new device was this? Would those arms encircle his body and crush him? Would they choke him? Would they——?

But just then Henry gave a hysterical laugh, for the face of the robber was his own face reflected in the shattered mirror.

A TALE OF THE GREAT NORTHERN PACIFIC

A blinding snow storm tore through the forest with a roar and shook the tower-house built in the midst of the trees. Massive drifts blotted out all signs of the trails through the forest and the tracks of the Great Northern Pacific Railroad. A short distance beyond the tracks crossed an iron bridge spanning a deep gulch through which a mighty mountain torrent swept, dooming all in its path to destruction. At the edge of this bridge a huge drift blocked the tracks and shut off from sight the danger threatening the bridge. Beyond the iron span the tracks made a sudden turn through the rocks and blocked all view of the menace from that side. And yet, along this dangerous path, within the space of one hour, the Lightning Pacific Express must thunder by on its way East, bearing scores of passengers and bags upon bags of valuable mail.

Within the tower-house a different scene presented itself. The little round room was lighted by oil lamps and heated with an oil stove. The disordered condition indicated that no woman had ever penetrated into it. Close

by the stove in an old leather chair sat the watchman, Burton, bent and feeble with age. On the other side of the stove a tall, slender youth stretched out in a worn rocker was deeply absorbed in an ancient copy of the nearest town's weekly.

As the crash of one of the tall sentinels of the forest reached the ears of the old man he straightened up a bit and looked closely at his watch.

"The Lightning Pacific is due in twenty-four minutes, Jim," said Burton.

At the sound of his name the youth started up. His face clouded as he muttered, "It's a race between time and death. The train may reach there before the bridge is swept away and—may not. It's left the last station, so we can't notify now of the danger."

"How high was the water when you were last there?"

"Only about four and a half feet from the tracks and it is rising every minute!"

A long pause. Then the boy suddenly rose and, crossing in front of the old man, he drew himself up to his full height.

"Burton, I'm going to signal that train!"

The old man started with a gasp: "Oh, Jim, don't try. They may arrive before the bridge is swept away. You'd have to climb through the drifts on this side, and when you reach the gulch the torrent may already have swept over the bridge. Anyway, you couldn't walk the span with that terrible hurricane sweeping through there. Oh, don't try. You're all I've got. I can't let you take the chance."

"Burton, I've got to. If I succeed, think of the people and mail I will save. It's the only chance the Lightning Pacific has of getting through. I must!"

With these words he made hasty preparations to set out. Drawing on heavy boots and thick jersey cap and gloves he took two red lanterns from the corner.

"How soon is the train due?" he asked anxiously, turning toward the door.

"Seventeen and a half minutes exactly," the old man groaned.

"I hope I can make the way in fifteen minutes. That's all I'm worrying about. Well, Burton, here goes till the next time. I won't be able to get back until after the storm is over, so don't worry. I'm **going** to make it!" With a nod he opened the door to the stairs and, grasping an Alpine pole, was soon out in the biting storm.

Plowing through the snow to the ties of the tracks, he turned towards the gulch.. Seventeen and one-half minutes! His lips straightened to a thin purple line as he neared the path of the mountain flood.

The foundation of the span had been reinforced by huge boulders, and against these large drifts had collected. The increasing force of the storm had enlarged these drifts until they blocked the entire track. With a fierce determination Jim plunged into these drifts and scrambled to the edge of the trestle. Above the trestle the water tore down the mountain in a series of surging falls, and below all sight was lost in the black denseness of the gulch. The wind whistled through the valley and a mighty blast swept across the span. Jim flashed his red lantern ahead. The stream was but a few inches below the tracks. Could he cross before it, too, was swept down the stream?

He tied the two lanterns securely around his waist and grasped the Alpine stick in his left hand. Dropping on his knees, he began his perilous course. The span was but twenty feet across, but the wind bore down with strength enough to sweep him into the water. Tie by tie, he crept on, sometimes barely clinging to the rails because of the strength of the hurricane. Inch by inch the water rose. He had but three ties to do. A faint creak reached his ears and at the same time way off in the distance a whistle echoed. The Lightning Pacific was approaching. With a finel effort he threw himself on the bank beyond the span. Leaping up, he snatched off the rope around his waist and grasped a lantern in each hand. He tore around the curve, and running down the middle of the tracks, he flashed the danger signals far into the gloom. In the distance the black bulk of an engine loomed up and the engineer caught sight of the red flash. With a shriek the train slowed down to a halt, but behind Jim there was another sound more appalling. The torrent had at last hurled the bridge from its moorings.

THE FAIR PROFESSOR

"James Burell—unprepared—two hours' detention this afternoon." The voice of Professor John Gates rang out hard and cold as he put down a small circular figure in his worn red notebook.

Jim sank down in his seat in despair amid the sympathetic glances of his classmates. He was a cheery lad, and it was a strange thing for him to be downhearted. But downhearted he was, for on that afternoon the greatest game of the season was to be played—the game between his school, Gridley, and its most bitter rival, Murray Prep. It was the most important game of the season. The State championship would be decided that afternoon on the Gridley diamond. Everyone went to the annual battle of the two rivals. It was an unheard-of thing for anyone who had any school spirit at all to fail to attend the game.

Jim's heart sank lower and lower as he realized that he was doomed to sit in a musty classroom while the rest of the friends were watching their team battle to victory.

Jim wondered if he could possibly persuade Professor Gates to let him stay the next afternoon instead. But he knew that was practically an impossibility. John Gates was known throughout the school as "The Fair Professor." His sense of fairness was very keen. If a boy was unprepared in the morning, he should be punished for it that same afternoon—not two or three days later. If that were allowed, he had declared, no one would mind being unprepared as long as he knew he could put off detention for a day or so.

Outside of class he was a bashful, quiet little man, but as soon as he stepped over the threshold of Room 23 he became lord and master and he let everyone know it. The change in him was remarkable.

Nevertheless, as the class went out, Jim went up to the desk.

"Professor, on account of the big game this afternoon, would you let me stay tomorrow——?"

"That will do, young man; that will do. You know my rule. You must stay this afternoon."

"But, sir," pleaded Jim, "I'm on the athletic staff of 'The News,' and I have to write up the game."

"You heard me, James. I said you must stay this afternoon. There are plenty of others capable of writing up a baseball game. You may go."

Jim turned away disconsolately. He had no more hope of going to the game.

* * * * *

It was two o'clock and the warm June sun shone through the windows of Room 23, lighting up the dusty desks, all empty save two—where Jim, with his head resting on his hands, sat brooding over his misfortune, and where Professor Gates was marking some papers.

Jim heard the merry laughter and shouts of his friends outside who were on their way to the field.

While he was sitting there the professor rose and left the room. When he went out of the door something white fell from his pocket and fluttered to the floor close by Jim's feet. As he bent to pick it up, intending to put it on the teacher's desk, Jim couldn't help seeing that it was a photograph of Miss Emily Laurance, a teacher in the school! Across the bottom of the picture was written in a feminine hand, "To dear John, from Emily." A sudden thought came to Jim's mind. He looked at the lady's left hand. On the fourth finger was a solitaire. John Gates was engaged to Emily Laurance!

To think that the little bashful professor was engaged! Wouldn't the school guy him when they knew it! And then suddenly Jim saw a possible way of getting to the game.

He placed the picture on the professor's desk and went back to his seat.

A few minutes later Professor Gates came back and seated himself at his desk. He did not notice the picture as Jim had placed it face down.

"I'm sorry, James, that you are unable to attend the game," the Professor said, kindly.

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said Jim, blithely. "'The News' goes to press at five o'clock, you know, and this is the only time I'll have in which to write up your engagement to Miss Laurance."

"Wha-a-t!" stammered the astounded professor. His jaw dropped and he stared at Jim in bewilderment.

"Your engagement to Miss Laurance," Jim nodded smilingly.

"Where—how did you know it?" gasped the professor.

"Why, as you left the room a few minutes ago a picture dropped from your pocket and as I picked it up I couldn't help seeing what it was," explained Jim.

The professor picked up the picture and gazed at it in despair. "The impudent young scoundrel," he thought. "If he ever puts that announcement in 'The News' I'll have to stand no end of bantering." In an instant he became the bashful little man who trembled at the thought of his embarrassment should his engagement become known. He had intended to be married in the summer during the vacation.

"What was it that boy said?" he thought his head in a whirl. "'The News' was to go to press at five o'clock and this was his only chance of writing it up. The baseball game—if he went—" A few minutes later:

"James, you may—er—attend the game if you wish. You—ah—won't mention my—er—engagement, of course."

Ten minutes later Jim was shouting himself hoarse at the run that was to even the game for his school.

PETER—A STORY OF ENGLAND IN 1830

By Irma Lutz

The factory was hot, more than usually so, and Peter was very tired. Glancing around him guiltily, he crept behind the huge piece of machinery, and sat down on the floor. If the overseer should see him stop to rest! But the overseer would not be around for an hour, Peter considered. He relaxed. His limbs were weak from standing all day long. The monotonous rumble of the machinery made him almost insane. His eyes were getting poor, for working all day by gaslight for five years had begun to affect them. Peter had started work at five o'clock that morning, as usual, and was to work until nine at night. He had had no breakfast, for he was not allowed to stop work for eating.

He stretched out on the floor. It was such a relief to lie down. He was very sleepy. He thought dreamily of something a boy had told him that morning about a father and mother—people who cared. Peter remembered no father or mother, and no one cared for him except little Nan. Peter smiled as he thought of his sister, and closed his eyes. He slept.

He awoke soon after, from a half-conscious fear of the return of the overseer. He jumped up quickly. It was almost time for lunch. But Peter had been told to clean the machinery during noontime.

Peter continued his work, stopping every few minutes to smile at his sister across the room. Poor little Nan! She had just begun work. Peter felt a great responsibility for her. He was ten years old, and had been working half of those ten years, but Nan was only five now. She returned his smile and came over to him. Half way over she stooped to pick up something from the floor. Her little face brightened. It was a faded flower. She brought it carefully to Peter.

"Oo take him," she said. "Oo looks velly, velly tiled. Is oo tiled?" she inquired anxiously.

"A little tired, Nannie," he answered.

"The man just come," Nan whispered. "He says he makes me clean the big dirty wheels. He not a nice man. I don't love him." She frowned.

"I must clean the wheels, too," sighed Peter. "Be careful, Nan," he cautioned as she ran back to her machine.

Peter glanced at the withered flower Nan had given him. How much Nannie loved pretty things, he thought. He would find her a real, live, growing flower, and bring it home to her. Peter was very angry with the overseer. He didn't mind cleaning the wheels, but to make Nan do it was unbearable. Worse still, the machinery was never allowed to stop when it was being cleaned. The children were forced to clean it while it was moving in swift action. Accidents had often occurred. Peter

thought of Jenny's finger that was cut off, and of Polly who had gone blind from the artificial light. Five minutes more, and Nan would have to clean the wheels, for the first time. It was such a big machine! Peter worked on steadily, not daring to look up at his sister. Presently he heard a cry and saw the children rushing across the room. He turned pale. Was it Nan? Was she hurt? He ran over, and saw. Poor little Nan! She had been caught in the machinery. She was hurt. Peter concluded that she must be hurt very badly. His knees gave way, and he sank down on the floor, only half conscious. He got up just in time to see her lips move. She was talking. He caught only one word. "Peter," she murmured, and the white lips were still. Peter waited. The crowd of children stood awestruck around their little favorite. If it had been anyone in the whole factory but Nan! The overseer, hearing a rumor of an accident, came around,

"Clear away," he ordered, and the children fearfully scuttled back to their places. The overseer looked at Nan.

"Poor little devil," he remarked. Then he saw Peter, who was looking at him angrily.

"I hate you! You have hurt her!" he said accusingly.

"Say that again, young feller, and out you'll go! She's dead," he remarked.

"Dead?" asked Peter. "You mean she's asleep?"

"No, she's dead. She'll never come back," he explained heartlessly. Peter had had no experience with death. Many of the children had been hurt, and some of those had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, but Peter did not know where they had gone. This cruel man had taken his Nan away. From that moment Peter hated the overseer with his whole broken heart.

"When I gets to be big, he'll see what I'se going to do," he said, threateningly, caressing tenderly the little flower Nan had given him just before she went away. He never saw Nan again.

Peter had never felt so horribly, unbearably alone. He threw himself into his work with a tense passion. His loneliness inspired him with a desperate energy. He determind to go to school on Sundays. Most of the children slept on Sunday, from exhaustion; but some of the stronger ones went to school.

For two years, Peter went on working as usual. Every day was the same. He got up at four-thirty and started work at five. For a few hours he would work energetically, then he would begin to weaken. The gaslight hurt his eyes. Often, in the winter time, he would leave the room, where the temperature was 110 degrees, and go out into the cold outside, where the thermometer registered 10 degrees. The strenuous monotony of his every-day work was making him ill. Although he had been well and strong, he now became thin and weak. Nan's absence had made him morbid, and he scarcely ever talked. He had never got used to hearing the children five and six years old crying at their work, thought this often happened. About five o'clock at night, when the children were tired, the overseer would come around with a huge strap. If he found any boy or girl not attending to their work as vigorously as they had done at five that morning, he would strike them with the strap—usually over the head or back. Peter felt that he could scarcely stand the factory another day. But he kept on, for he had no other place to go. He had no idea where he had come from, nor how he happened to be where he was.

For those two years following Nan's death, Peter put his heart and soul into his education. That was the one bright spot in his life. He learned so many new things. He learned to say "I am" instead of "I is," and "I go" instead of "I goes." He learned to look for new words. If he heard older boys using new ones, he would eagerly inquire for their meaning.

At the end of those two years, something happened. Peter could not, at first, find out what it was. One day the owner of the factory—whom the children were accustomed to calling "the boss," in a low, frightened tone—came into the room where Peter worked. He stopped to speak to the overseer. Peter was very near them, and he strained himself to listen in order to find out what was causing the excitement in the factory. The manager was very angry.

"It is an interference with our liberties," he growled, and the overseer sympathized.

Interference with liberties! Peter had never heard those big words before. His first impulse was to ask for their meaning. But he suddenly remembered that this was the "boss." So he held his peace and listened more.

"Just what does the new bill say?" inquired the overseer.

"Children nine to thirteen work only eight hours a day, is the most important part to me. Why more than half my employees are children!" Peter held his breath. He was only twelve, and thirteen comes after twelve. Yes, he was very sure of that.

"Parliament passed the bill today," continued the manager. "It will mean a big loss to us. They had no business—" Peter waited to hear no more. He was exultant. A shorter day at work! That would mean a longer time for school. He worked enthusiastically. The next day the children were told the new hours—eight in the morning till four in the afternoon. The younger ones could not understand what had happened, but they knew they had a longer time to play. Under the new ruling, Peter began to improve. His thin little face became fuller, and the large eyes, whose look had haunted the overseer for two years, became softer. Peter had needed rest.

One day a woman entered the room. Peter looked at her, and continued to look. He had never seen such an expression on anyone's face. She was smiling! He learned later that she was the wife of one of the new government inspectors. She had come to visit the factory. Peter knew from the first that he liked her. He admired her soft, gray hair and deep brown eyes. She was standing near him. Peter's heart throbbed. She smiled at him. Why, no one but Nan had ever smiled at him! Peter smiled back. From that minute she was his idol. She was talking to the new overseer.

"The passing of the bill made me so happy!" she exclaimed. Happy? Happy? Peter thought. Yes, that was a new word. What did it mean? Surely the lovely lady would tell him. He stepped forward impulsively.

"Please, ma'am," he whispered, "what does 'happy' mean?" The lovely lady looked at him in surprise. She was silent a minute. There were tears in her eyes. Peter wondered if he had done anything wrong.

"Sometime soon, I will show you, laddie," she whispered. And Peter was content.

Several days later, the lovely lady came again. She seemed to know all about Peter now, for she came to him, and said:

"Peter, would you like to come home with me for a while after work?" Peter looked at her unbelievingly.

"Would I!" he exclaimed. That afternoon, Peter went with her. He thought more and learned more in those few hours than he had ever done before in the whole of his life. They revealed to him a new world, which he could not understand; nor could he understand why the lovely lady should care anything about him. Years later, he understood the reason, while standing by a tiny grave in the large cemetery. But now he could only wonder.

That visit was one of many. Peter grew to love the lady, and also her husband, who was very fond of him.

One afternoon, many weeks later, Peter was walking with the lovely lady toward her home.

"We're going home, Peter—to my home and your home."

"My home?" asked Peter, glancing back at the huge, ugly factory.

"Would you like to come home with me to stay, forever?" she asked him.

"Home—with you?" Peter, at first, could not understand. Then, as he grasped her full meaning, he turned upon her his large, dark eyes, which had never before held such an expression. They were happy—full of infinite content.

"Home—with you," he answered softly.

A Different Ruth

Sunday School Teacher: "Who can tell me about Ruth?"

Small Boy: "I can. He made fifty-nine home runs last season."

Fairlee: "What's the difference between a peanut and an elephant?"

Wistar: "I dunno."

MacNear: "I'd hate to send you for peanuts."

BARRINGER HI-Y CLUB

The Baringer Hi-Y Club, which meets every Tuesday evening in the Y. M. C. A., is growing rapidly. Two or three new members have joined at every meeting held recently.

At the beginning of the term an election of officers was held. The following were chosen:

President .....Elmo Bateman.
Vice-President ....Willard Cummin.
Secretary .....Theodore Rissel.

The activities of the club have been numerous. Last month a conference of Hi-Y clubs from all over northern New Jersey was entertained by the Newark clubs. On another occasion Judge Stickle, who is a Barringer graduate, made an address. A Big Brother banquet was a big feature. Each fellow brought to this another less fortunate boy younger than himself. The occasion was enjoyed by all, young and old alike

If this sounds interesting to you, come and find out more about it. Remember, every Tuesday at 6 o'clock at the Y. M. C. A.

PLAYLET FOR THE CRIPPLES

Many and varied audiences have gathered in the Auditorium, but never one more interesting and unusual than the one which came together Friday afternoon, February 17, to attend a playlet given by the school for crippled children. Most audiences enter on their own good feet, but a large part of this audience came in wheeled-chairs or carried in the arms of their sturdy bus drivers. In the front seats sat the children from the Home for Crippled Children, the guests of honor. Scattered throughout the audience were parents and friends, sympathy written on their kind faces; teachers of Barringer, who were, as always, ready to lend themselves to the spirit of the occasion. The rest of the audience was composed of Barringer students, eager and curious to see the play.

Before the performance began, Miss Helen Ure, president of the Service Club, welcomed the guests. Mr. Stearns followed with a short speech, and heartily seconded the welcome. Then the curtain was drawn.

We see little lame Joe being wheeled in by his mother. He is disgusted with life; his whole attitude spells despair. In vain his mother pleads with him. Finally, almost in tears, she leaves the room. Then the patron Fairy of lame people comes to him; she is a little girl so lame that she had to sit down most of the time, yet so sweet and appealing that the whole audience loves her. She shows little Joe lame people who have been great: Epictetus, grave, sober, speaking his words of philosophy; lame Vulcan, from Mount Olympus, relating his deeds; Pope, lame, but unconquered, reading his Universal Prayer; Scott, as a boy, talking to his chum, John Irving; Florence Nightingale, still carrying on her good work, though, in her seventy-fifth year, unable to leave her wheeled-chair; Tiny Tim, pale and sweet; and, lastly, the Little Lame Prince, who teaches Joe the value and use of the magic cloak, imagination. Her mission accomplished, the Fairy disappears, and Joe's mother returns. Influenced by what he has seen, Joe declares that he will succeed in spite of his lameness; that if he wants anything hard enough it is his.

To the audience, perhaps, this playlet seemed sad, but not so to the children. They were indeed glad to have a part in a real play. This notion was better expressed by one of the boys, who said: "In the other school they never wanted lame boys in their plays, but here you can't be in the play unless you are lame."

After the playlet was over the Service Club served refreshments to the actors and guests of honor.

Miss Wettlin, principal of the School for Lame Children, had searched in vain for a pageant appropriate to be given by her classes on the first anniversary of the organization of the school. Finally, she asked Miss Coult's aid. Miss Coult, in turn, passed word on, and the privilege of writing the play fell to the 4B English class, now 4A. The students set to work with a will, and, as a result, many of the parts were very interesting and true. For instance, Epictetus' part contained many quotations from the philosopher; Florence Nightingale really received some of the messages which were in the play. Under Miss Coult's guidance the playlet soon reached conclusion. The older parts in the play were taken by students of the same 4B class, who, together with the Lame School, made the little play a success.

The Lincoln's Birthday exercises held in the Auditorium were worthy of the occasion. Miss Judd, who is no stranger to the school, and whose recitations on previous instances are well remembered, recited to the assemblage the first part of Ida Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln." The story of the development of the great man was truly worth listening to once more. Miss Judd showed the boy, reared in the backwoods of Illinois, early becoming accustomed to hardships; the youth, awakened to the thirst for knowledge; the young man, country-store clerk and lawyer, still eager to progress; the local politician, whose name was now attaining prominence; and finally, the candidate for the Presidency of the United States, about to achieve the highest honor bestowable upon an American.

Miss Judd, in departing, promised to return in the future to complete the history of Lincoln's life, a statement receiving the highest approval of the student-body.

On February 22 the nation celebrated the birthday of that great American, George Washington. As the school was not in session on that day exercises were held, in commemoration of the day, on Tuesday, February 21.

Dr. Rose, a speaker well and favorably known to Barringer, addressed the morning assembly. Dr. Rose took for his theme the conscience of Washington. George Washington, said Dr. Rose, had a great conscience. This he received from three different sources. First, from intuition; secondly, from his mother's training, and, finally, from God. While the conscience of Washington was strict, it was not narrow. Washington danced well, he played cards often, he frequently attended the theatre, and he even took part in lotteries. Yet he never used strong drink, he did not gamble, as the word was then used; there was never a more truthful man, and strong language he avoided. Dr. Rose then turned to the present day. We should never hesitate to enjoy innocent recreation of every kind, he said. But as soon as we feel that an amusement is harmful we should refuse to take part in it. For we, as Washington, should obey always the dictates of "that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

In the afternoon assembly a pupil program was given. William Kearn spoke on the first part of the Life of George Washington, while Robert Brigden gave the second part of the same topic. Some Famous Sayings of Washington were then told by Gertrude Miller. The school sang "Hail, Columbia!" by Francis Hopkinson. Frances Parker outlined the subject-matter of Washington's farewell address, and the program was concluded by tributes to George Washington given by Virginia Ayres.

"TOMORROW"

The Rotary clubs recently gave, in all the principal cities of the United States, a play entitled "Tomorrow." This play was acted by students of the various high schools. It was given in Newark, in Wallace Hall, on Thursday evening, February 23. The three principal

parts in the play were, of course, taken by Barringer students.

In the first act Jack Butler, the poor but worthy boy, who, by the way, was no other than our own Hastings Pratt, is forced to leave high school by his father. He decides to attend night school.

Charles Bradley, as George Rowell, the wealthy boy, leaves his home and school, in the second act, after a heated argument with his father, despite the efforts of his sister. Three years later, in the third act, Jack, who has been successful in night school, tries to make George return to school, but is unable to do so. In the final act Jack Butler, who has married Margaret Rowell, is a very successful business man. George, barely able to support his family on his salary, comes to Jack for advice. It is just twenty years after the third act, and the two men discuss the situation. George decides to stay by his present job and help his own son in every way.

Margaret Butler is Henrietta Harris, who left Barringer for Fawcett School after the cast was chosen.

The entire play was well acted, and music by the South Side orchestra added to the worth of the performance. The cast is given herewith:

Mrs. Butler, Rose Hilton.....Central
Jack Butler, Hastings Pratt.....Barringer
Mr. Butler, F. C. Walter.....Drake College
Margaret Rowell, Henriette Harris..Barringer
George Rowell, Charles Bradley....Barringer
Mr. Rowell, R. J. Moquin.....Drake College
Mrs. Rowell, Edith Becker.....Central
Miss Pearson, Butler's Stenographer,
Suzanne Reichlin.....South Side
Office Boy, Master Hilton.....Central

Musical Program
South Side High School Orchestra
Philip Gordon, Director

CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club solicits the attention of all those in Barringer who play chess. In September it will be in dire need of players. If you have any school spirit, report to Room 25 at the noon hour.

SCIENCE CLUB

An enthusastic gathering marked the first meeting of the Science Club for the new term. Immediately upon its being called to order, the business of electing officers was begun. The past activities of many of the members of the club afforded a large field of candidates for the various positions.

The votes elected George Haight president, Eli Silberfeld vice-president, Margaret Mahar secretary, Percy Olton chairman of Program Committee, and Franklin Steiger chairman of Membership Committee.

Miss Romer, it was announced, would be faculty advisor for the coming term. Addressing the club, Miss Romer stated she was anxious to introduce a number of programs which would be at the same time interesting and educational.

CHATTIN

The French Circle held their opening meeting of the term on Tuesday, February 28. After being called to order by the president, the meeting proceeded immediatly to the election of officers. The following were chosen:

President .....Eli Silberfeld.
Vice-President .....Irma Lutz.
Secretary .....Harriette Bellah.

The officers, together with Ruth Robbins and Laurence Burgyes, were constituted an executive committee. The French circle is planning great things for this term. It is planned to have various speakers to address the club, as well as to have student programs. But the activity of the organization depends entirely upon the support given it by the students. If interest is general, much can be accomplished; if it is not, nothing can be done. If you wish the French circle of Barringer to keep the enviable reputation that it has gained among high school French clubs, do your part and join. And not only join, but come out to the meetings and work for the success of the organization. Make this a banner year, both in membership and attendance.

RADIO CLUB

One of the most active clubs in Barringer at the present time is the Radio Club. Having

(Continued on page 27)

ATHLETICS

ST. BENEDICT MEET

M-m-m-! Folks who enjoy flashy, dashy, zippy, peppery interscholastic stuff (and who doesn't?) were mighty well pleased with the appetizing menu arranged by Coach Jimmy Cavanaugh and his able corps of assistants for the first indoor track championships of the N. J. I. A. A., which was presented for the delectation of Jerseyites in general—and Newarkers in particular—at the old First Regiment Armory on the night of Feb. 18.

The program was a "corker," consisting of eighteen events, which, with the trial heats and semi-finals, made in all twenty-eight competitions.

The St. Benedict meet was an exclusive gathering of school boy athletes, staged by the above school, who undoubtedly have had more "champs" in their ranks than any other Jersey prep school.

The first course of the banquet, a sort of an appetizer, was the 70- and 220-yard dashes. Ed. Stratton, the Lincoln High School flash, showed his heels to a fleet bunch of sprinters and broke the tape in the 70-yard dash in 8 seconds flat. This was one-fifth of a second faster than the record made by Mullin of Lawrenceville, who previously held the Prep School title for that distance. Ray Wolf, captain of the E. O. H. S. track team, was the outstanding star of the meet, winning two titles in the high school division. The tall, young suburbanite outstepped his opponents in both the 220- and 440-yard runs.

Then some more preliminary dishes were served, including the high jump and the shot put. The high jump (High Schools) was won by Irwin Young, of East Orange, with a jump of 5 feet 6 inches; Eli Silberfeld, Barringer's entry, "copped" second place with the splendid jump of 5 feet 1 inch. In the "prep" division the same event was won by Gillette, of Laurenceville, scaling the bar at 5 feet 6 inches.

And then comes the big spread! Evidently, the meet officials thought that local athletic fans would be hungry, and they surely satisfied every appetite. The next big dish was made up of three heaping portions, consisting of a 440-yard run, followed by an 880-, and finished with a mile run.

Jack Gallagher, that stocky, blond-haired St. Benedict flyer, again proved that he could run by finishing the mile in 4:47, having set

his own pace almost all of the way. He won the prep school title very easily, and we feel confident that if the least bit of encouragement, say a mad dog at his heels, had been present, he would have shattered the record. He can do it, and so we're waiting to see Gallagher "let 'er go!" In the quarter mile the Gray Bee Ace again gave one of the prettiest exhibitions of the evening. After trailing the field for the first 220 yards, Jack started out from last place, in a field of six, who were well strung out, and with a dynamic sprint passed each runner, one by one, and broke the tape a good distance ahead of the next runner.

The High School competition was a bit keener since the Barringer team added two points to our credit by finishing third in the quarter mile and Eli Silberfeld scaled the bar at 5 feet 1 inch, securing an easy second.

For dessert, a mile run relay was served by the prep and high school teams. This race was perhaps the most exciting race of the evening. Laurenceville won, defeating St. Benedict's quartet, who came in for a close second. Barringer's team, consisting of Thigpen, Shill, Brown and Byrnes, made third place, following Central and Orange, in the High School relay.

This closed the meet, which was the best amateur schoolboy meet that we have seen in a long time.

BASEBALL

Practice has begun, and many old men, as well as a flock of new ones, have shown great interest in this year's baseball team. When the team becomes more organized and its first string and second team men are finaly chosen we feel sure that the school will realize what a fine bunch we have.

Mr. Fields has indeed a very hard season ahead of him, as a good part of the squad consists of green men. We have a few old reliables left, Malanga, Witt and Brower, who will help lift the load from Coach Fields' shoulders. We heard Mr. Fields remark that he felt confident that he would bring forth a championship team, as he had done a few years ago, and there is every reason to believe that he will. The team has a long, hard schedule to play, so let's back them up.

GIRLS' CORDS

On Tuesday, February 28, in the auditorium, the girls' cords were presented to those who fulfilled the following requirements: A posture, average of nine for two terms and a shadowgraph taken. Those having won all four cords will receive a gold tassel in their senior year.

Cords were given to the following pupils of the A terms:

Seniors

Katherine Elkins	Ethel Reichenthal
Gertrude Hummel	(gold tassel)
Ruth Krout	Louise Alberts
Marjorie Chapman	Lavinia Caprio

Junior Cords

Viola Mueller	Alice Clayton
Ellen Pfaff	Hilda Kayser
Edna Van Duyne	Helen Ure
Ellen Thompson	

Sophomore Cords

Isabel Schneider	Grace Slaaght
Anna Fieg	Lucia Sickles
Viola Gialnella	

Freshman Cords

Florence McCormick	F. Freda
Marie Ruigliano	Ruth Lillybridge
Edith Gros	M. Weisner
Mildred Juliano	Dorothy Bishop
Jennie Bovero	Ruth Osmun
Lorraine Fulcher	Elizabeth Noonberger
B. Blakeman	

Hop around to 37 and see the medal Eli Silberfeld has hanging on his watch chain, and then hop right over to Mr. Bauman and join the track team, and maybe, if you can hop as high as Eli, you'll get a medal too.

Barringer's team hasn't shown much yet, but wait. "We're building for the future," say the coaches.

"What is an alibi?"

"It's a man not being where he was."

Today's Optimistic Thought

Cheer up! When all the neighbors buy autos you can get a seat in a street car.

It's easy to meet expenses these days. You run onto them every time you turn around.

GRADUATE NOTES

NEWS FROM RUTGERS

By Lew Kuhnle

Very few people know that Rutgers is the State university of New Jersey. It is strange that a college of its size is so very little known. Before I came down to New Brunswick all I knew about Rutgers was that they had a pretty good alma mater, "On the Banks," and that they put out some mighty fine football teams. Since September I have been collecting some data on the place, and I think if it were more generally known Rutgers might receive some of that free advertising that most other small colleges have a happy faculty of acquiring.

Rutgers has twelve national Greek letter fraternities and one local club; has a Y. M. C. A., musical clubs, a band, Philoclean literary society, "The Torgum," a weekly newspaper, and a very good dramatic society. In athletics the college is represented in football, basketball, baseball, gym., track, tennis, swimming, lacrosse and by a rifle team.

Its most noted forms of athletics are football, swimming and track in the order named. In football she is fortunate in having the services of G. Foster Sanford, or "Sandy," as he is more commonly called. "Sandy" is one of the best coaches in the country. His good sportsmanship becomes a part of his teaching and is an outstanding factor in all Rutger's football teams. In track the college secured Mr. Anderson of Central High School. Central's place in track and field events has always been ace high, except, if I remember correctly, in 1919 when Chief Broadhead put out a team at Barringer that made the Centralites sit up and take notice.

Rutgers is a pretty easy place to get in, but a mighty poor place for the man with intentions of getting away with little or no studying. The standard of scholarship is very high and very exacting, as the writer has often had demonstrated to him. The faculty, however, is with the man who is on the job and willing to do a reasonable amount of work.

There are free State scholarships which allow a graduate of a New Jersey high school about $100 a year. It's very good policy for a man with intentions of entering Rutgers to avail himself of the opportunity to take the examinations for a scholarship. These examinations also count toward entrance.

I will be very glad to get in touch with any fellows who have intentions of coming to Rutgers or who are undecided as to which college to attend. The catalogue gives a better description of the courses and entrance requirements than I could give here.

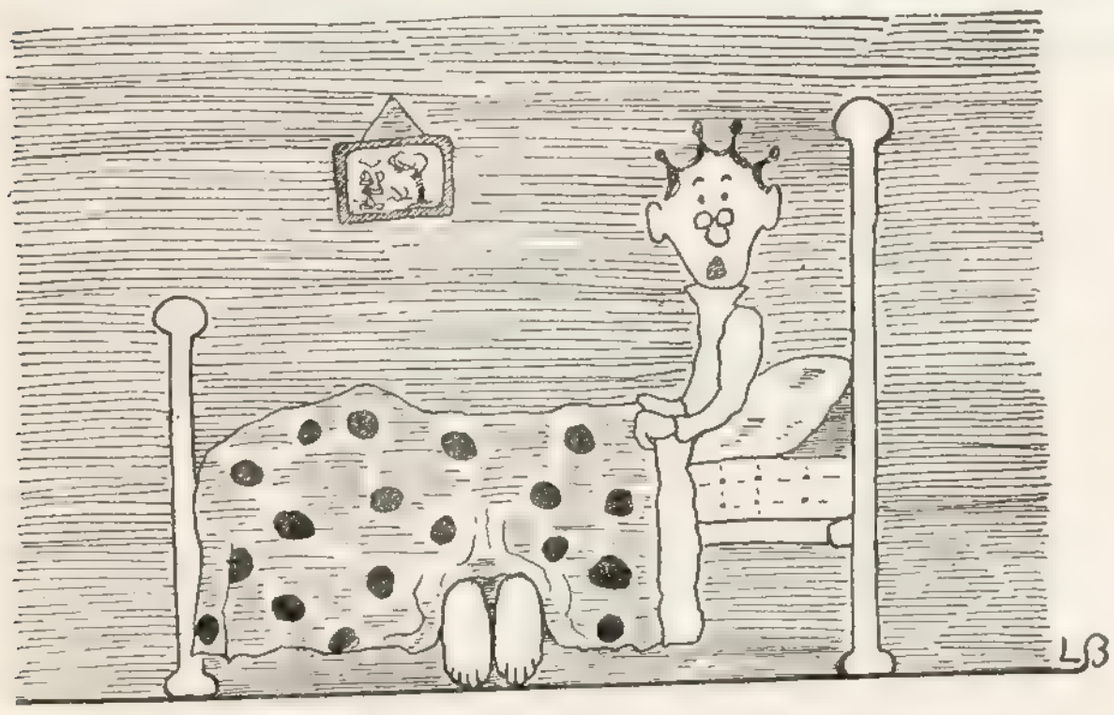
It may be interesting to some to know that Rutgers is strictly a democratic institution. It does not play up to the fellow who has a lot of money and nothing else. Taking it all in all, it's a "he" man college.

Rufus Soden just won't be kicked out. She's back for a P.G., not Postponed Graduation, but Post Graduate.

Grace Gavin is at Newark Normal. Would you have thunk it?

The Inquiring Reporter

Maxwell Rice ate a cake of yeast every night last week to make him rise early. He is no longer a loafer, but rolls out of bed at seven o'clock every day. This accomplishment, combined with the fact that he is so well bred, ought to make him lots of dough later in his life.



Beatrice Kenney, up to her twelfth birthday, last week, always used to roll a rubber ball under her bed every night to find out if the bogey-man was there. She tells us that she has given up this custom, now.

Haight and Coit say that they visited a barber together last week, but did not have the nerve to stay.

Rice and Haight hereby announce that they have gone into the genealogist business. Their charge for looking up your family tree is $10. For keeping it quiet, if necessary, $100.

A certain gentleman named Gussie Scheiner has announced that he will not attempt the course in chemistry. He greatly fears that he might, some day, fall into a sink, and be lost forever.

Ted: "I hope you bought your girl a birthday present that will cause her to long remember you?"

Browne: "I don't know about that; but it's a constant reminder to me, because I bought it on the instalment plan."

Why does Maggie Mahar insist on wearing one earring when other people wear two

---

Haight: "I strained my eyes a few days ag
Dippel: "How?"
George: "I looked through a screen door."

Questionnaire

Where does the wind go when it stops blowing?

Where does the tide go when it goes out?

Electric light plants are said to grow from bulbs.

Bob: "Where do you work?"
Bill: "In a bolt and nut factory."
Bob: "What do you do?"
Bill: "Nutin'."

Fletch: "These trains are mighty dangerous, and it's most always the last car that gets smashed."

Polly: "Why don't they leave the last car off, then?"

S. H.: "How long did Cain hate his brother?"

B. M.: "As long as he was Abel."

Dippel: "I don't think the professors know very much."

Bob: "Why not?"

Ed. "They keep asking us questions all the time."

Venus: "What's the difference between a mule and a "Colt"?

Wagner: "One kicks and the other fires."

Tough

Henpecked: "What kind of meat have you this morning?"

Butcher: "Some steak as tender as a woman's heart."

Henpecked: "I'll take sausage."

Who's ??????

??????: "I'll never ask another girl to marry me as long as I live."

John: "Refused again?"

??????: "No; accepted."

Landlady: "You've either got to pay your rent or leave."

Thumb: "Oh, thanks! At the last plac they made me do both."

Soph: "That new moustache of yours is a sight."

Senior: "Don't knock a moustache when it's down."

Sign in a Bloomfield Avenue junkshop:
"WE BUY AND SELL EVERITING"

Heard in 65

Miss North: "Do you know who has the greatest vocabulary?"

Voice from the rear: "Rockefeller."

Miss North: "Why?"

Voice: "Money talks."

"Are many golf balls stolen from your course?"

"No; we have put up a notice board, 'Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they stop rolling.'"

Friend: "I understand you took your son in a few months ago to teach him the business."

Business Man: "Fine success! He's teaching me now."

He: "Your account at the bank is overdrawn."

She: "What did you tell them for."

A.: "What an awful gash you have on your forehead!"

B.: "Oh, next to nothing."

Don: "He was a wise poet who said that in this world a man must be either anvil or hammer."

Dan: "But then, it seems that most men are bellows."

Very Much There

Miss Romer: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?"

1A.: "The touch."

Miss Romer: "Why?"

1A.: "Well, when you sit on a pin you can't see it, you can't hear it, you can't taste it, but you know that it's there."

Polly: "Wait a minute, till I think."

Beth: "I can't wait so long as that; I have an engagement the day after tomorrow."

Willie Explains

Teacher: "Willie, what does the word 'reverie' mean?"

Willie (excitedly): "A reverie is like a baseball umpire, only he operates at prize fights."

A Humorist's Creed

I believe:

1. That all young brides persist in baking hard, unpalatable biscuits, thereby causing their husbands intense discomfort.

2. That every office boy reports his grandmother's death annually on the day the baseball season opens.

3. That all spinsters look under their beds every night in the hope that they will find a burglar there.

4. That all boarding-house keepers serve nothing but hash and prunes.

English Teacher: "Who was Homer?"

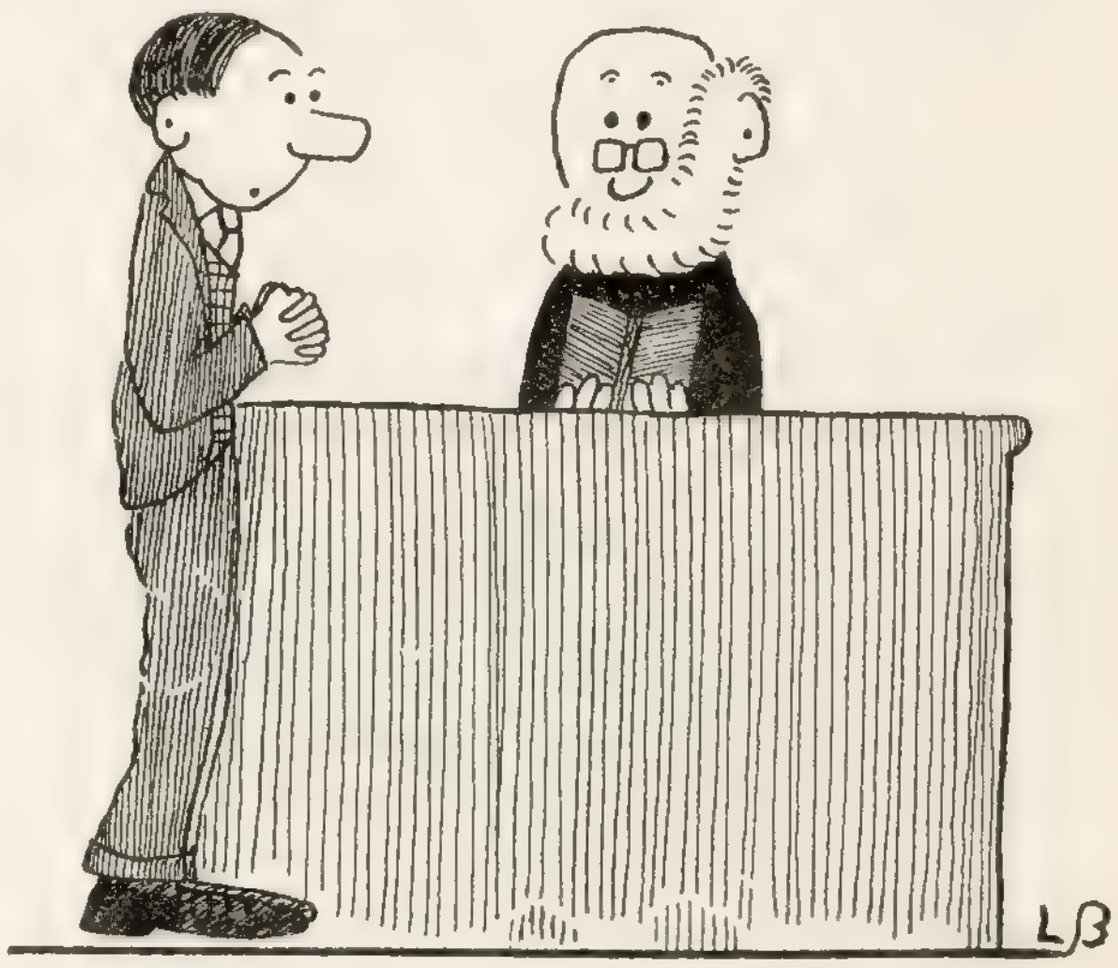
1B.: "The guy Babe Ruth knocked out."

Mr. Saylor: "What is force?"

Stude: "Breakfast food."

Miss Dean: "Can you all hear me?"

Chorus from back row: "No."



Mr. Saylor: "Haight, why couldn't you sit still during that demonstration of induction?"

George: "I ate some current buns for breakfast and I shivered all over every time you started that coil going."

Mistress (to maid): "Jane, have you given fresh water to the goldfish?"

Maid: "No, miss; they haven't drunk what they've got already."

I cannot sing the old songs,
I do not care for them;
They don't sound as they used to
At 1 or 2 A. M.

Diner (introducing his wife to favorite hotel): "Here, waiter, where's my honey?"

Waiter: "I'm sorry, sir, but she doesn't work here now."

Villain: "You are helpless—the old homestead belongs to me!"

Hero: "And where are the papers?"

Villain: "At the blacksmith's."

Hero: "You are having them forged?"

Villain: "No, I'm having them filed."

Metcalfe: "This match won't light."

Dippel: "That's funny; it lit all right a minute ago."

"You are not economical," said the infuriated husband.

"Well," flashed his wife, "if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding-dress for a possible second marriage, I'd like to know just what you do call economy."

Prisoner: "Your honor, do I have to be tried by a woman jury?"

Judge: "Yes; be quiet."

Prisoner: "I won't be quiet. I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women."

One of the members of the faculty tells us that good students never try to keep their home-work assignments in their head because they realize that it's a poor place to keep anything.

Some students go to class to sleep, while others go to talk. But still more of us go because we haven't any other place to go.

Teacher: "What is your opinion on this point?"

Stude: "It's the same as yours."

Salesman: "How much is this picture worth?"

Dealer: "That depends on how much the man who wants to buy it is worth."

"I will sing something restful to you," said a lady to her morose husband. "Shall I sing 'Far, Far Away'?"

"I wish you would; it would be so kind of you."

He: "I am so tired. You know, I am studying for a lawyer."

She: "You are? Why don't you let the old thing study for himself?"

A chauffeur who is used to reverses can shift for himself.

She: "I'd rather have all the children sick than you."

He: "So would I."

"To what do you attribute your great age and good health?" asked the reporter of a man who had just passed his hundredth birthday.

"Well, I can't say for about a week yet," replied the aged man; "there's two or three of them patent medicine companies a-bargaining with me."

Phil: "Why is a person with his eyes closed like an efficient schoolmaster?"

Eddie: "He keeps his pupils in darkness."

Elizabeth: "If Mississippi stole Missouri's New Jersey, what would Delaware?"

Pauline: "I dunno. Alaska.

She: "You shouldn't have proposed to me; you might have known I would refuse."

He: "I did know, or I wouldn't have proposed."

A Problem

"A train leaves New York," supposed Mr. Johnson, "traveling 40 miles per hour. It is followed 30 minutes later by a train traveling 80 miles per hour. At what point will the second train run into the first train?"

Dipple: "At the hind end of the rear car."

Lawyer: "I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you."

Convicted Client: "Don't mention it, guv'nor. Ain't five years enough?"

Percy: "Some day you editors will fight for my work"

Fairlee: "All right; I'll be a good sport if I get licked."

A young lady wore a hat decorated with large plumes, attached to wire backbones, to the music festival. As she leaned back in her seat she felt a gentle tugging at the aforesaid hat from behind. So she turned and said:

"Does my hat annoy you?"

"Not at all," answered the person behind her.

She thought it over for a while and finally turned again with this query:

"Perhaps the plumes interfere with your view of the stage?"

"At first they did," admitted the person behind; "but I bent 'em down."

Tender-Hearted

Dippel: "One day I was in a grocery store when a sweet little four-year-old came toddling in and bought a nickel's worth of candy. A little kitten rubbed against her leg and purred. She laid her candy down on a box to play with the kitten. When she tired of play she went to get her candy again. But it was gone. Someone had stolen it. Big tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Poor little thing. I felt so sorry for her that I gave half a stick of it back to her!"

On one occasion a census clerk in scanning the forms to see if they had been properly filled out noticed the figures 120 and 112 under the headings "Age of father if living" and "Age of mother if living."

"But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk.

"No," was the reply, "but they would have been if livin'."

Just Before Exams

1A.: "When are people deaf?"

Miss Romer: "When they can't hear."

Brilliancy

Mr. Dumont: "What kind of change takes place when a bomb explodes?"

Bennett: "A change in scenery."

Found

(Inscribed in the fly-leaf of a geometry book)

If there should come another flood,
Hither for refuge fly;
For though the world should be submerged
This book would still be dry.

Right

Junior: "Why are the freshmen like good real estate?"

Soph: "I don't know. Why?"

Junior: "Because they're a green vacant lot."

You can always tell a Senior, he is so sedately dressed;
You can always tell a Junior by the way he swells his chest;
You can always tell a Freshman by his timid looks and such;
You can always tell a Sophomore—but you cannot tell him much!

Midnight Oil

Miss Belcher: "When did the revival of learning begin?"

Margaret Mahar: "Just before exams."

In Economics Class

Teacher: "Now, take the case of buyers and sellers. Suppose the sellers were overstocked?"

Irene O'Crowley: "Most cellars are overstocked now."

Absolute Zero

Farmer: "That horse knows as much as I do."

Friend: "Well, don't tell anybody. You might want to sell him some day."

Son: "Dad, what do you call a man who runs an auto?"

Dad: "That depends on how close he comes to hitting me."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Williams Record," Williamstown, Mass.
"Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.
"Rensselaer Polytechnic," Troy, N. Y.
"Columbia Jester," New York City.
"The Reflector," Middletown Township, N. J.
"The Daily Princetonian," Princeton, N. J.
"The Yale News," New Haven, Conn.
"Lehigh Brown and White," Bethlehem, Pa.
"The Optimist," South Side High.
"The Tuskegee Student," Tuskegee, Alabama.
"The Tiger," Princeton, N. J.
"The Parrot," Irvington High School, Irvington, N. J.
"The Wesleyan Argus," Wesleyan College, Middletown, Conn.
"Polymnian," Newark Academy.
"The Worker," Boys' Vocational School, Newark, N. J.
"The Targum," Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.
"The Chronicle," Wright High School, New Orleans, La.
"The Karux," Phillipsburg High School, Phillipsburg, N. J.
"The Academy Journal," Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.
"The Event News-Supplement," Mt. Hebron High School, Upper Montclair, N. J.
"The Peddie News," Hightstown, N. J.
"The Voice," N. Y. State School of Agriculture," Cobleskill, N. Y.
"South Orange School News," South Orange, N. J.
"The Somerset Idea," Somerset, Kentucky.
"The Kansas Industrialist," Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan, Kansas.
"Vincentian," St. Vincent's Academy, Newark, N. J.
"The Kayrix," St. Benedict's Prep. School, Newark, N. J.
"The Monad," Belleville High School.
"The Colgate Maroon," Hamilton, N. J.
"Middlebury Campus," Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

"The Princetonian Daily," Princeton, N. J.—"The Princetonian Daily" is a typical newsy college daily. We congratulate your advertising manager. How does he do it?

"Yale News," New Haven, Conn.—"Yale News" is another college daily. A few jokes scattered through your paper would not read amiss. The arrangement of material is very good.

"The Kansas Industrialist," Kansas State Agricultural College.—"The Kansas Industrialist" is a very interesting and newsy paper. We enjoyed reading it very much. Come again.

"South Orange School News," South Orange, N. J.—The arrangement of material in "The News" is to be praised. Why not add an Exchange Department? We see you are interested in debating just at present. So are we!

"The Kayrix," St. Benedict's Prep., Newark, N. J.—"The Kayrix" is a very newsy, snappy little paper, and a marked improvement is noticed from its recent first issue. The arrangement of material is good. Why not add an Exchange Department?

"Williams Record," Williamstown, Mass.—The Record is a very newsy little paper. We especially enjoyed your column "Ninety Years Ago at Williams."

"Colgate Maroon," Hamilton, N. Y.—Your paper is full of pep and news. Editorials are very well written.

"Speed-Up," Submarine Boat Corporation, Newark, N. J.—Your Motor Boat Number was extremely interesting and we were delighted with the numerous illustrations. Your cartoon, "Delivery Days," gave us a good laugh. We thank you!

"Cactus," American School, Mexico City, Mexico.—You surely have the right idea about Class Meetings. We wish that we could make our students understand your viewpoint. We might suggest that you add an Exchange Department and a few jokes. Hope to hear from you again!

"The Journal," Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.—A splendid publication bubbling over with fine material! Your Exchange Department is to be praised for its quantity and its quality. A few cuts, however, would add to the appearance of your paper.

"Pivot," Central High School, Newark, N. J.—Your senior number is great from beginning to end! Our only suggestion, old friend, is that you comment on a few of your exxchanges. Your cuts, pictures, literary department and athletic department are more than good. These are NOT idle words!

"The Idea," Somerset High School, Somerset, Ky.—"The Idea" is an interesting little paper. However, a few short stories and more jokes would stimulate more interest and add the necessary pep.

"The Kayrix," St. Benedict's Prep., New Jersey.—A few more jokes and an Exchange Department would add to "The Kayrix." We wish you luck with your new paper. Drop in again.

"Wesleyan Argus," Middletown, Conn.—Remarkably good publication. Compliments to your business manager for your numerous ads.

"Brown and White," Lehigh University.—Your paper, on the whole, is very well done, but why not have a joke here and there? We high school students surely do enjoy your column "College News." Come again!

"The Yale Alumni Weekly," New Haven, Conn.—The article on "The Etchings of Troy Kinney, '96," was very interesting. "The Yale Alumni" could be livened by a few jokes, however.

"Monad," Belleville, N. J.—"Monad," we congratulate you on your excellent publication. Our only suggestion is that you enlarge your Exchange Department by commenting on the various publications.

CLASS NOTES

CHATTIN

4A

The 4A class held the first meeting of the term on Monday, February 27. The following officers were elected:

President .....Eli Silberfeld.
Vice-President .....Frances Clark.
Secretary .....Ruth Jacobsen.
Treasurer .....Percy Olton.

President Haight then appointed a 1B reception committee, a class day committee, and a commencement committee. The meeting was scheduled to select one of the two color schemes chosen at the last meeting, but objections being raised to both, the matter was referred back to the motto and color committee. It was decided that a Senior Council should be chosen, having power of decision in all minor matters. Plans for the term were discussed and suggestions made.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

SCHOOL NEWS

(Continued from page 16)

meetings once a week, it has a great advantage over organizations meeting but once a month, and the most is made of this advantage.

At the first meeting of the new term an election of officers was held. Those elected were:

President .....Maxwell Rice.
Secretray .....Eugene Frey.

These officers have held office for two terms. Mr. Saylor continues as faculty advisor.

The club undertook and carried through a fine piece of work when it enabled the children of the Foster Home of this city to hear Charles R. Scott of the Y. M. C. A. speak on Sunday, February 19. Various members lent apparatus for the occasion, and the set was erected at the Home. The children greatly enjoyed the speech of Mr. Scott, who has recently been on a trip around the world.

On Wednesday, March 1, a debate was held on this subject, "Resolved, That variometers are more efficient on short wave lengths than honeycomb coils." The affirmative was supported by Herold and Cooper; the negative, by Allen and Rice. The affirmative side was given the judges' decision. The debate was of great interest to everyone, and it was voted that future ones should be held.

Code practice is held for those who wish to learn it at the end of every meeting. Here is a good opportunity to learn the code, if you do not already know it. Furthermore, the school set is now working and is in use almost every day for those who desire to "listen in." Surely no one who is interested in radio in any way can afford to miss a single meeting of this wide-awake organization.

ITALIAN CLUB

The Italian Club met on February 21 for reorganization. Election of officers was held, and the following council members were chosen: Misses Genevieve Weyand and Anna Federici, Messrs. Ralph Ricciardi, Albert Avallone and Rocco Lemongello.

Very interesting future meetings are being planned for by the able council, who have decided that under their regime the club shall outdo their previous commendable achievements. A very numerous membership is expected this term.

Eric: "Do you think my dancing has improved?"

Margaret: "Yes. It has everything skinned, including my ankles."

Mr. Taylor: "Whose reason is this?"

Student (reading Cæsar): "I don't know."

Mr. Taylor: "Who wrote these commentaries?"

Student (looking at binding): "Mr. Kelsey."

A Jamboree

Small Boy: "Uncle, what makes you walk so lame?"

Uncle: "There was a street car accident and I was caught in the jam."

Small Boy: "Well, I know what that is. Ma caught me in the jam and I walked lame for a week."

HONOR ROLL

(Continued from page 6)

Louise Pfaff, Philip Schindle, Frances Volker, Graham Wood, Anthony Yannuzzi.

Room 83[1]. Sadie Shanker.
Room 87[1]. Lillian Knight.
Room 93[1]. Louis Fuchs, Edward Conklin.
Room 5. Elizabeth Alpern.

1B Room 82[1]. William Stevens.
Room 91[1]. Elizabeth Eagles.
Room 92[1]. Ethel Buchanan, James Butterworth, Marie Lango, Robert Olton.

1B Room 92[1]. Ruth Schomp, Robert Wirsching, Charles Green.

OMITTED FROM TESTIMONIALS

1B Room 61[1]. Emma Lister.
Room 65[1]. Florence Harper, Bradley Harrison, Robert Jennings, Lillian Knight, Florence Koplins.

Popular Excuses

Freshmen:
"That page is out of my book."
"I didn't find that in the lesson."

Sophomores:
"Why, er——a——"
(Just a "nobody home" expression.)

Juniors:
"I was sick last night."
"I studied the wrong lesson" (ending with a sick laugh).

Seniors:
No excuses. Always prepared.

Agriculture vs. Biology

"Give me ten cents' worth of bird seed?"

"Now, don't try to kid me. Don't you s'pose I know birds grow from eggs."

Traffic Cop: "See here, young fellow, you have no business driving that Ford. You can't even keep on the right side of the road."

Pratt: "That's all right, officer. I'm improving. Why, last year I couldn't keep off the sidewalk."

Correct

Teacher: "What tense is 'I am beautiful.'"

Student: "Past."

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He: "Please don't quarrel with me in the street, Jane. What have we got a home for?"

Diner (sniffing suspiciously): "Waiter, never mind my order now. I can never eat when there's a smell of paint."

Waiter: "If you'll wait just a minute, sir, them two young ladies will be going."

The young man walked down the street with one shoe off and his coat turned inside out. A policeman stopped him.

"What's the idea?" he demanded.

"Well, you see it's this way," replied the young man. "I'm taking a course at a correspondence school and yesterday those fool sophomores wrote to me and told me to haze myself."

She: "Since our engagement is off, I shall return your diamond ring."

He: "Yes, and as diamonds have dropped twenty per cent since you've had it, you might add a check for the difference."

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A Study in Physiology

Small Boy: "Mamma, I don't feel well."

Mother: "That's too bad, dear. Where do you feel worst?"

Small Boy: "In school, mamma."

What Course?

Millie F.: "In what course do you expect to graduate?"

Millie M.: "In the course of time, by the looks of things."

A Mistaken Answer

Dipple: "Mr. Taylor, why did I flunk Latin?"

Mr. Taylor: "Oh, why will people persist in asking questions that only themselves can answer?"

Eddie: "Oh, that's why I flunked Latin."

In Physics

Teacher: "Give a good illustration of density."

Fanny Thompson: "I don't know."

Teacher: "A very good illustration."

A rider (translating Latin):
"But the crocodile——"
Latin Teacher: "I'm sure you got that from translation."
Rider: "No, sir, I didn't use a translation. It's allegator in there."

Freshman: "What's a post graduate?"
Soph: "I guess it's a fellow who graduates from one of those correspondence schools."

What We Read

"For Sale—A piano; good condition; property of lady leaving New York in a walnut case."—A good way to leave New York.

"A lady, living privately, will take a gentleman for breakfast and dinner."—Some appetite the lady has!

"Families supplied by the quart or gallon."—Certainly, by wholesale.

"He met a gentleman with one eye named Walker."—Wonder what the name of the other eye is?

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